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BLOW FOR BLOW.

IN one of his short poems, Goethe relates how a man once went out to dinner, partook freely of all the dishes, and appeared to enjoy himself much. The next day he met a friend, who questioned him about the entertainment, and he replied that the soup was excellent, but it wanted a little more salt; that the fish would have been capital, but for the sauce; that the joint was only quite a trifle overdone. When these remarks were repeated to the host, he exclaimed, "Bah! tell the dog to hang himself; he's a critic."

We find ourselves in the ungrateful position of the gentleman who went out to dinner. During the performance of *Blow for Blow*, we could not help being greatly amused at the drollery and the puns; but if, the next day, we are asked what we think about it, we are obliged to express an opinion which appears at variance with the pleasure it gave us. It is very easy to see Mr. Byron's aim in this drama, and the London critics have spoken of it as if that aim had been more than accomplished. If we except the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we hardly find a single journal in London in which the dramatic criticism is independent and reliable. The reason of this is that, as a rule, dramatic critics are at the same time dramatic authors, and they are constantly called upon to exemplify the maxim, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you." The papers might as well engage Cabinet Ministers to write the leading articles, or condemned criminals to write the police reports, as dramatic authors to criticise the drama. Now that we have seen *Blow for Blow*, we are sorry to recognise another instance of literary trades-unionism in the flattering notices of the play which have appeared in the London journals.

In writing *Blow for Blow*, Mr. Byron's models have been, consciously or unconsciously, the bright, touching, symmetrical little comedies of Mr. T. W. Robertson. But his materials are so far inferior that he only approaches Mr. Robertson as nearly as it is possible for a worker in red clay to approach a worker in fine and closely-knitted Carrara marble. In Mr. Robertson's comedies the humour is like the veins in the marble, running right through it, without interfering with the smoothness of the surface; while the pathos is felt in the blending, rather than in the juxtaposition, of the comedy of thought and the tragedy of feeling. He does not seek extraordinary types of human nature, but rather delights in making you perceive something interesting, possibly heroic, in the commonplace people whom you meet in omnibuses, and jostle in Cheapside. And his plots are ingenious, without being as nervously clever as a Chinese puzzle. Now, Mr. Byron has aimed at all these excellences of Mr. Robertson; but the clay and the artist's fingers are coarse in comparison. The word humour is too gentle to express the amusing element in Mr. Byron. It is something between the ludicrousness of a Haymarket farce and the rollicking fun of a circus. He does not tickle your ear with a feather, and make you smile; he digs you in the ribs, and makes you hollow. Then, what he intends for pathos is not an exquisite confusion of fun and sadness, felt in a woman's glance, or a cruel little silence; it is something mouthed and gesticulated, accompanied by slow music, and ending in a flood of tears. The characters delineated are rare, if not impossible, specimens of men and women; and they remind us of this fine saying of George Eliot, "The pencil is conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin—the longer the claws and the larger the wings, the better; but that marvellous facility which we mistook for genius is apt to forsake us when we want to draw a real, unexaggerated lion."

The plot of *Blow for Blow* has been told so often that we will assume that our readers are acquaintedt with it. The fault of unnaturalness lies at its very root. The actions of the characters are out of all proportion to the motives which move them. When John Drummond is refused by Mildred he determines to crush her with her father's shame, and when he is horsewhipped by Mildred's lover he resolves upon some remote and undefined retaliation, which he carries out five years later. This merciless and constant character is a commonplace one in fiction, but it is not taken from life. There would be a kind of greatness about a man capable of Drummond's unpitying hatred which would scorn the weapons he uses. Nor would he, after hugging the dagger for five years, offer to sell it to his intended victim for money. The devil is not quite so mean as all this. The weak point in the drama lies in the insufficiency of Drummond's motive for his lust for vengeance. It is not terrible to us, because it is not real. But even if we could believe that Drummond is a sincere villain, the injury which he inflicts falls upon such an innocent, good-natured, easy-going man, that we have the impression of wasted force, like a swift cannon ball sinking into an earthen rampart. The improbabilities of incident with which the play abounds, sink into insignificance by the side of these improbabilities of nature. There are some cleverly conceived situations, but by far the best occurs at the end of the prologue, when Mildred and her lover come dancing and singing into the room to receive the blessing of the man who is bending his head to hide his shame and his handcuffs.

Mr. Byron knows nothing at all about women, and still less about ladies. In the prologue, Mildred, who is supposed to be a charming young girl, listens to a long declaration from John Drummond, and rejects him in an equally long, vulgar, unwomanish, stagey speech. Our own experience has taught us that the more hopeless your suit, the more tenderly and swiftly and silently a woman makes you feel it. If she allows you to finish your sentence, it is understood that she accepts you, and you are expected to fold her in your arms and look pleased, &c. Mildred's twin sister Alice is made of the same common clay. Her womanly nature does not deter her from entering a married man's house and confronting both husband and wife with a false claim of wifehood. By the side of the women of Mr. Robertson, of Anthony Trollope, of Miss Thackeray, the creations of Mr. Byron are like common earthenware mingling with white, dainty, brittle porcelain. Of Mr. Byron's ladies we are introduced to Lady Ethel Linden. She is supposed to be the daughter of an ancient house, and we meet her in her own drawing-room, surrounded by outward refinement. Now we do not exaggerate when we say that her manners and her conversation are those of á bold but uneducated sempstress towards the apothecary's boy with whom she is keeping company. With the charming playfulness of perfect breeding she tells her husband that he is like a horse at a circus. She then proceeds to imitate the circus clown by uttering a volley of silly sentences which are so unnaturally, inhumanly silly, that no man or woman could have invented them spontaneously.

We hardly know whether, in his pictures of high life, Mr. Byron has treated us to his own superstitions, or whether he has only honestly written up to the profound convictions of the gallery. It is certain that there are people who believe that in high life husbands talk in short, satirical epigrams, that wives reward them with hysterical little laughs, and that they caress

each other frequently on the slenderest pretext. Sir Harry Linden remarks "Mind in women is like crinoline, it inflates them." Lady Linden dips her head in wavy laughter and replies, "You have been reading Mill." We are quite literally serious when we say that Lady Linden would have shown more brains if she had replied "You have been reading the Talmud," so insufferably silly and mal-a-propos is this mention of Mill. By the bye, this is the play of which the *Daily Telegraph* says, "It is something to acknowledge the agency of intellect in a thorough dramatic triumph." It is indeed, it is something beyond us.

Whenever the dialogue is serious it is unnaturally dull; whenever it is not serious it is unnaturally alive with puns of all kinds and all ages. As an example of fine old crusted pun we may quote this one. Charley Spraggs encircles Kitty's waist and says, "Where's the harm?" She replies, "Where it shouldn't be." As a specimen of young and heady pun, the kind of pun that makes you stupid if you take too much of it, we may quote this: Spraggs says, "What do you say of Jem?" Kitty replies, "Jem's a gemmun."

If it had been in our power to damn this piece it would have been damned. The drama ranges between the two extremes of Tragedy and Farce. In the very centre, at an equal distance from these two points, lies a modern invention, arising from a modern need, called the melo-drama. It is a combination of all that is subdued in Tragedy, namely—the pathos, and of all that is refined in Farce, namely—the humour. The melo-dramatists' art is to blend the pathos and the humour in such a perfect manner that we can hardly tell which is which, and sometimes we don't know whether to laugh or to cry. Mr. Byrom has indeed compounded his melo-drama from Tragedy and Farce, but he has taken all that is luridly tragic in tragedy, and all that is farcical in farce, and the two things will no more mix together than oil will mix with water. The pathos is represented by dull, drivelling blank verse, and the humour flowers most naturally into puns.

So far we have spoken about the drama like the gentleman spoke about the dinner next day, when he had ceased to be the guest to become the critic. We must now mention those fragments which we really enjoyed during the performance, although they must fall under the general condemnation when we look back upon them as parts of a whole. The acting of Mr. Byron in the part of Charley Spraggs is a most enjoyable bit of broad farce. The character is not entangled in the plot, but is like a luxury given to the audience to make up for the dullness of the rest of the play. In spite of the four different disguises in which Spraggs appears, in spite of the puns and puckered-up face, we consider this character the most consistent of all. Only one word expresses the effect of Mr. Byron's acting. You would never think of calling him funny or irresistible. You quite naturally call him droll. It is not an utter abandonment to frolic, like Mr. Gomersall's in the after-piece. It is throughout a consciousness of being quaint, combined with quaintness. The acting of Mr. Farren and the other gentlemen was excellent. We can only say exactly what we think of the acting of the ladies by saying nothing at all.

We can hardly speak calmly about the slow music which accompanied nearly the whole of the dialogue. It is not merely a nuisance, it is not merely silly and childish and vulgar, it is positively depressing. A few simple chards may increase the dramatic effect by being used to mark some change in the spirit of the piece, so fine and so transitory that it cannot be indicated by words or a change of scene. But if you make use of this effect too freely, you take away all its meaning, just as young ladies underline every word in their letters until it comes to the same thing as not underlining any. To make use of slow music whenever you want to be pathetic is a confession of weakness, and it is probably Mr. Byron's excuse that no one ever would know that he wanted to be pathetic unless he previously depressed the spirits of his audience with the dyspeptic groans of the fiddles.

THE LITTLE BUSY B'S.

[BY A RABID RADICAL.]

AIR.—"*Fill the bumper, fair.*"

Birley, Bazley, Bright;
Bazley, Jones, and Jacob;
Henry, from the fight,
Bolted,—with a hiccup.

Oh, the naughty wight!
Don't you think, my hearty,
One may call him, quite
A pretty Liberal party?
He fouled his nest, and then,
From the field levanted;
And, if he comes again,—
'Twill not be that he's wanted.

Birley, Bazley, Bright;
Bazley, Bright, and Birley;
Ernest stood the fight;
Mitchell bolted—early.

Where were all his hosts?
Poor deluded ninny!
Fifteen thousand ghosts,—
Every ghost a guinea:
Pledge, and lie, and spout,
Drink, and spout, and splutter;
Draw the badger out,—
And,—leave him,—in the gutter.

Birley, Bazley, Bright;
Hoare, and Jones, and Jacob
Henry left the fight
Early—with a hiccup.

Three B's in the hive,—
One more than some wanted;
Keep the game alive;
Keep the heart undaunted:
Truth may win to-day;
Truth may lose to-morrow;
But she'll end the play
In a conquest thorough!

Birley, Bazley, Bright;
Ernest, true and clever;
Mitchell fled the fight;
And he fled—for ever!

BEFORE THE HUSTINGS.

BY ONE OF THE CROWD.

IF a foreigner, unacquainted with English customs, had accidentally strolled into Albert Square, Manchester, on Monday morning last, he might have been pardoned for thinking that an execution was about to take place. The dim murkiness of the atmosphere, the barriers in front, the rude jostling and coarse jests of the seething, surging crowd below, and the spectators from the windows above, were suggestive of a hanging scene rather than a nomination, and it only wanted six hempen nooses dangling from the beam above to make the ghastly notion complete. A little before ten o'clock all the convicts—we beg pardon, the candidates arrived, within a few minutes of each other, except Mr. Jacob Bright, who came later. Messrs. Hoare and Birley were the first to ascend the hustings. Both looked well—Mr. Hoare particularly so. Mr. Mitchell Henry arrived next. As at the last election his supporters in front compared ominously in numbers with the serried ranks of the Radical and Tory forces, which were so densely packed that we heard one facetious Irishman exclaim, "Faith! we haven't room to fight." Mr. Henry looked excessively pale, perhaps anticipating his fate, but he has actually grown stouter since the commencement of this election campaign, and seemed perfectly resigned if

not cheerful. The next to ascend was Mr. Bazley, closely followed by Mr. Ernest Jones. Mr. Bazley wore an imposing white hat. He showed his usual deportment, and bowed repeatedly to the crowd, removing the aforesaid hat after the manner of his celebrated prototype, Mr. Turveydrop, with whom he has become identified. In fact, throughout the entire proceedings, Mr. Bazley kept "booing and booing" like Sir Pertinax MacSycophant. The presence of Mr. Ernest Jones excited the crowd very much. He looked flushed, and wore his eyeglass, exactly as he does when he is in court before the Judges. The crowd was now becoming restless and impatient, but the arrival of the Chief Magistrate, Mayor Grave, allayed the turbulence beneath. By a singular coincidence His Worship's outer garment, which was fastened tightly round his burly person, as seen at a little distance, exactly resembled the stuff smock which a certain functionary wears in the exercise of his professional duties, upon occasions which are now happily done away with in public. We hope to see nominations share a similar fate. This was the Mayor's first public appearance, and, with the assistance of a hint or two from the ever-green Joseph, T. C., he acquitted himself very well. We sincerely hope, that should the Prince of Wales come to the Agricultural show next year, the Mayor may receive the knighthood missed by his predecessor. Sir John Grave would sound quite Shakesperian. We did not observe the Prison Philanthropist. At this time Mr. Jacob Bright arrived. We thought he looked somewhat worn. His once flowing auburn hair is growing scant and grey, like his brother's, but the fact is we are all growing older, and most men grow grey at the age of the Messrs. Bright. Mr. Jacob Bright is a handsome man and intellectual looking. He exchanged salutations with the crowd below, and then, resuming his hat, which was a very bad one, he steadily gazed at the horizon, or what he could see of it for the warehouses and Prince Albert's monument opposite.

The proceedings then commenced. The several functionaries engaged looked serious and impressed, and all the various influences which had been at work had a most depressing effect upon the spirits. Mr. H. B. Jackson looked portentously solemn; Mr. Bazley starched and stiff as his own shirt collars; Mr. E. Hooson (Mr. Ernest Jones's proposer), seemed half starved; Mr. Birley resembled a mute; Mr. W. R. Callender was absolutely sepulchral; and if it had not been for Mr. Hoare, who kept all this time looking confoundedly jolly, as if a reprieve was a positive certainty, we cannot say how serious might have been the consequences to us. We missed the well-known faces of Mr. George Wilson and Mr. S. P. Robinson, but they may possibly have been present. There was, however, one startling change from last year, in the position of Mr. Alderman Bennett. Precisely a year ago, the Alderman contested the borough on Conservative principles, and was defeated. On this occasion he supported Bazley and Bright. Here's a change with a vengeance. Mr. Ivie Mackie said the Tories had behaved shabbily to Mr. Bennett. Of course, like everyone else, he has a right to change his opinions. The conversion is sudden, that's all, but we thought something was coming when we heard him at Lord Salisbury's banquet.

Sir Elkanah Armitage stood forth to propose Mr. Bazley. The venerable knight has aged considerably; nevertheless he looks fully as young as his eldest son. We presume he is put forward on these occasions as a good figure-head, albeit very few of the mob seemed to know him, and kept insisting that he was Mr. Bazley, until one man, better informed than the others, exclaimed "It's nobbut owd Kana." He occupied a few minutes only, and what he had to say he read from a long slip of paper. Mr. Bazley's seconder was Mr. Henry Lee, who seems to have some energy about him, which was chiefly shown by sudden, abrupt, spasmodic jerks of his arm and extended forefinger, directed towards some real or imaginary opponent in the crowd. Mr. Bazley took off his hat to his proposer and seconder in grand style.

Mr. Ivie Mackie proposed Mr. Jacob Bright. At this moment an ash stick, bearing a little red flag, began to be fluttered about from the top of the barrier before the hustings. The instant the little red flag appeared, a frantic amount of cheering, shouting, yelling, cursing, and waving of hats and caps, broke out, Mr. Bright's supporters on the hustings taking part in it, old Bazley taking off his white hat, and going it like a good 'un. This challenge was promptly responded to from the other side of the hustings, where the Conservative phalanx was posted. The sound came like the bellowing of a distant herd of buffaloes. The Radicals retaliated, as the red flag danced about, and Mr. Ernest Jones went through sundry pugilistic looking demonstrations. On the Tory side a blue and orange handkerchief was waved by some one in the crowd, and in an instant the Kentish fire was delivered with thrilling effect. Mr. Ivie Mackie, who, in the meantime, had been speechifying, had by this time apparently lashed himself into a tremendous rage. In thick, guttural Scotch accents, he denounced the Tories as humbugs and shabby fellows, pointing his large hand in the most denunciatory manner towards the Conservatives in general, and Mr. Alderman Curtis in particular. During the disturbance it was amusing to watch Mr. Alderman Curtis making short speeches to some friends in front, while his next neighbour, Mr. J. W. Maclure, was busily engaged taking notes in a long book such as sporting characters use; but whether he was taking notes, or jotting down bets with Mr. Alderman Curtis, we had no means of ascertaining.

Mr. Mitchell Henry was proposed by Mr. H. B. Jackson. Mr. Henry and his supporters seemed to act as a kind of buffer between the Tory and Radical parties, and the proceedings were more orderly and peaceable during Mr. Jackson's speech than at other times. Mr. Jackson's style is pulpit oratory, but he has considerable energy, and he worked his right arm and clenched fist up and down with such vigour that we should not have liked to have come in contact with the latter. Mr. Henry's seconder was Mr. Peter McLaren, who was even more of the pulpit pulpity than Mr. Jackson. Unlike Mr. Ivie Mackie, who was unconscionably long-winded, Mr. McLaren got it over in two minutes, which was highly appreciated by the crowd. It was now Mr. Ernest Jones's turn to be proposed, upon which the little red flag became more demonstrative than ever, and from the roof of an adjacent warehouse such clouds of small red handbills were poured down, that it looked as if it was snowing red. Mr. Hooson, the Chartist, proposed Mr. Jones, and no sooner did he appear, than the Tory Bulls of Bashan roared louder than ever, and, amid the waving of blue and orange handkerchiefs, they struck up "Rule Britannia," to the apparent delight of Mr. Hoare and Mr. W. S. Sawyer, who had been hitherto complacently smoking a huge cigar. Nothing daunted, Mr. Hooson, who looks like a cross between Robespierre and Dr. John Watts, set to work with a will. He has evidently been accustomed to address crowds in the open air, for, among all the speakers, he was about the only one who seemed to have the knack of throwing his voice out over the audience's heads to some distance. He was followed by Mr. H. M. Steinthal, who, judging from his appearance, is of Israel. Him we heard not, but he was short, and that was something. Mr. W. R. Callender, jun., came next, as the proposer of Mr. Hoare. Of course, the little red flag was immediately at work again, followed by the swaying and yelling of the crowd behind it. The Tories in front of Mr. Callender hoisted a paper Union Jack, and cheered with lusty throats. Mr. Callender proceeded in his well-known style, and was followed by Mr. T. P. Bunting. This gentleman and Mr. Hooson seemed the most self-possessed of any of the speakers, and Mr. Bunting looked as if he rather enjoyed the fun, while Mr. Hoare became more radiant than ever. Time was now getting on, so Mr. Alderman Curtis proposed Mr. Birley. Some cries of Peterloo broke out, which were drowned by the buffaloes in front. Mr. Curtis leaned over the balustrade, and, pointing with scornful finger towards the

Bazley and Bright compartment, looked as if he would have annihilated Mr. Ivie Mackie, if he could only get at him. Mr. C. A. Stewart seconded Mr. Birley in his good humoured style, but without volunteering either to dance a Scotch reel or sing "Woodman, spare that tree," on this occasion. Finally, the candidates were put through their facings in their several styles. When the proceedings were nearly at an end, some mischievous persons began throwing small pieces of dirt about, which ended in stone-throwing and a few broken heads, but the police were at hand and soon put a stop to it. The Mayor promptly took the show of hands, the crowd dispersed, and so, *Sic transit gloria Monday!*

VOICES IN THE STREET.

II.

THE man at the flower-stall, opposite my window, had got a friend with him to-day. The florist had nearly "sold up;" and he sat upon the empty part of his stall, dangling his legs, and knocking his heels, with an air of quiet satisfaction that was pleasing to behold. His friend was seated close by, upon an empty up-turned hamper, under the shelter of the tarpauling, which covered the stall.

"Well, Jim," said the florist, "who did thae vote for?"

"Nobody."

"Heaw's that?"

"Aw geet bottle't."

"Why; heaw did'to shap that?"

"Well, thae knows,—when th' nomination wur o'er, o' Monday, there wur me, an' five moor of eawr lot, we wur sit i'th' Boar's Yed, yon, drinkin'; an' in come Joe Buckley, fro Owdham, as breet as a squirrel. 'Neaw then, lads,' says he, 'heaw are yo gettin' on? Yo mun mind an' keep yo'rsels quiet; yo know what a day it'll be to-morn. There'll be nought but fuddlin' agate here, to-day. Yo'll be gettin' into some mak o' lumber, if yo dunnot mind. Aw'd get eawt o'th gate a bit, if aw're yo. Aw'll tell yo what,—have a ride o'er to Owdham wi' me,—it'll keep yo eawt o' mischief; an' aw'll find yo summat to heyt an' drink; an' aw'll bring yo back again. Come on! Th' trap's at th' dur, here!' So, we went; an' th' owd lad gav us a rare good dinner an' as mich drink as we'd a mind to teem into us. Well,—when th' dinner wur o'er, he said, 'Neaw, lads, aw've to goo a lookin' at a coal-pit a bit aboon here; but yo dunnot need to stir. Aw sha'not be aboon an hour or so. May yo'rsels a-whoam while aw'm off. But some on yo would happen like to look at th' pit. It's one o'th finest i' England.' Well,—we wur o' ready for aught 'at coom first, just then,—so we agreed to go wi' him; an' when we'd bin i'th bottom o'th pit an hour or two, they brought word 'at rope had brokken, an' we couldn't get up again till things wur put to reets. Well, they fund us plenty o' drink, an' we tunned it into us primely, till we o' geet as fuddle't as Chloe; an', at last, we fell asleep,—some i' one nook, some i' another. Well,—it wur far on i'th next day afore we coom to. At last, Joe coom; an' he said, 'Neaw lads, come on! Yo'n no time to lose! They'n getten th' rope reet! Let's goo up!' Well,—what dost think?—when we geet to th' top again,—by th' mon,—th' election wur o'er! Eh,—aw wur some mad!"

HENRY'S FAREWELL.

[From (Mitchell) Henry the Sixth: Part II. Act 4.]

Henry.—(Thomas) and (Jacob) give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government;
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in (repentance) spend my latter days.

Shakespeare.

THE NOMINATION.

BY OUR RHYMING CHRONICLER.

No elbow room; by howling rowdies prest,
Your chronicler has done his little best.
Let not his efforts e'er be damped by jeers,
Who slaved amid a nomi—nation's cheers.

It was in Albert Square—but stay,
To plagiarize is not our usual way;
So, save a malquotation now and then,
We'll trust our own un-kleptomaniac pen,
And in our dithyrambic fashion
Dash on.
In Albert Square, as we remarked before,
Amid the roar
Of more
Than we should like to meet or ask to dinner,
Men of all grades
And shades,
From pretty clean down to the dirtiest sinnner,
Though we, forsooth,
In truth
(Speaking of each one as a man and brother,
As fits the times
And rhymes),
Grant there were fewer far of one than' tother.
Amid the flood
We stood,
And, like sweet moonshine o'er a troubled sea,
Benignant gazed,
Dazed,
Waiting th' official opening of the spree.

"Let public executions pass away,
But spare us yet the Nomination day!"
So once a proud patrician poet wrote—
At least 'twill serve our purpose thus to quote—
And—less its brag, and brawl, and brutal force—
The sentiment we cordially endorse.
Behold, where on the hustings proudly stand
The boast of all the city—nay—the land,
In fine gradation, ranged from Red to Blue,
The noble will-be's and the would-be's view.
First, to the right, brave Jones his crest uprears;
'Twixt him and Bazley, Jacob Bright appears.
Ernest, whose ringing, earnest clarion tones
Are *almost heard*, despite the cheers and groans.
Bright, whom the saucy Blues are nothing loth
To cap with Esau's hard-bought bowl of broth;
And Thomas—dear old boy—who thinks he's earned
Prescriptive right each time to be returned.
"*King Arthur had three*"—no, that's not the thing,
He sacked *that* three because they couldn't sing,
Were rogues besides; whilst Bazley, Jones, and Bright,
If they don't sing, won't do what isn't right.
Comes Henry next, the primaries between,
A pleasing purple, neatly trimmed with green,
Like, as some sneering scribe might falsely say,
The what's-a-name between two loads of hay.
Such mean conceits a nobler nature scorns,
He seems a rose beset with cruel thorns;
And, though a little pale, yet not an inch
Moved from his independent stand to flinch.
In sequence next, the True Blue suitors range
The Church, the State, the Sovereign, and—no change
Their watch-words—also "Vote for Hoare and Birley!"
"Rush to the poll, electors, and poll early!"
A shoal of satellites, in feigned delight,
As cads will do who drop upon a fight,
Egg on their men, and hem them round about,

And give the mob below the cue to shout ;
'Twould fill the *Sphinx* to mention every name,
And few of all the ruck deserve such fame.
But oh! what mingled horror and despair
Would fill our souls should we forget the Mayor ;
Sweet paradox, at once both gay and Grave,
He to the scene an extra finish gave ;
Grave but in name, he cheerful shone and bland,
With Joseph Heron on his dexter hand,
Our own Town Clerk. Joy!—joy again it is
To meet this great dry-nurse of the Amen—ities.
Of what the speakers spake, the papers show ;
No sentences could pierce their way below,
Through clamour we might aptly term infernal.
The *Evening News*—a most veracious journal—
'Mongst other matters ne'er divulged before,
Tells all about the show of hands—and more !
In us that show of hands swamped every hope
Of meeting principles allied with soap ;
But ere these thousands, guiltless of a vote,
In manner thus their favourites denote,
Congenial dirt in playful handfulls flits,
Familiar rags, and—Filth's own favourite bits—
Election placards, from the kennel scraped,
In senseless pique are into missiles shaped,
And thrown ; whilst they to whom the foulness sticks
Return, in growing anger, stones and bricks,
Until—but why pursue so base a theme,
So detrimental to the self-esteem
Of gentlemen compelled to urge their suits
To such a furious pack of—well—of brutes.
Besides, as casualties were far from rare,
One gentleman—we know him—left the square,
Yet, ere retiring, picked up quite enough
To satisfy himself none but a muff
Would say which section of the mob was worst.
Our verdict is—

They *each* began it *first!*

L'ENVOI.

There are morals to most things—of that there's no doubt,
Though 'tis rather a task to make some of 'em out ;
And unprejudiced people there are who will say
That elections with morals Old Gooseberry play.
Our own private conceit on the matter is this,
That, though there are other things harder to miss,
Yet—sinking the row at the hustings—the polling,
The cab-driving, canvassing, drinking, and rolling ;
The lampoons and libels, beyond all excuse,
The rude personalities, taunts, and abuse,
And such kindred trifles as haunt an election,
There are very few matters come nearer perfection ;
And no moral but this we seem doomed to discover—
When a thing disagrees with you—get it soon over.

RESERVE YOUR PLEDGES.

UNCLE BALL, in reply to an unfortunate canvasser, declared bluntly that he could only part with his pledges for money down.

Young Spoone says that dearest Adela's pledge is too precious to be parted with for all the dross in the Bank of England.

Jabez Pumpington, who has a printed ticket with a pledge upon it, issued by the U. K. A., has promised "his Missis" to keep said pledge, and means to do it.

Jack Mulberry has been pledging anybody and everybody for the last seven years, in the best liquor he could put his lips to, and is willing to do it again with the candidates.

Mrs. Joseph Manychild objects to part with any one of the fifteen pledges "which round the table go," and thinks it's like the canvasser's impudence to mention it.

HENRY, LORD HASTINGS.

ALTHOUGH, as the *Era* observes, it is absurd to make a fuss over the life and death of the Marquis of Hastings, inasmuch as his career differs in no essential particular, either for better or worse, from the careers of hundreds of foolish youths who debauch themselves into early graves, still it seems like wasting a good theme to pass it by in silence. His history is so fraught with instruction that it seems unpardonable not to make use of it. Its very resemblance to that of so many others now in progress is, to our mind, an additional reason why it should be made a text. Conspicuous before the public in connection with the turf, many of the running-readers of the newspapers may associate his name exclusively with sporting matters, and may think that the resemblance between him and other youths, who have neither money nor opportunity to meddle largely with the turf, cannot be very striking. But no thoughtful reader, who has cast his eye upon the gambling misadventures of the miserable lad, can ever have connected him with vices of the turf alone. He would know that a reckless boy, who was addicted to such mad excesses in one low pursuit, would not be guilty of indulging less wildly in others. He would remember that there are many vices which newspapers do not mention ; and when he saw the same noble name in the chronicles of all the sins which admit of publication, he could scarcely think it would be absent from the list of those which are concealed. And it is here the dead resembles the living. Let the living learn a lesson from the dead. Let the enormous class of those who are walking in the same broad path, look upon some of the destruction to which it leads. The dead ignobleman lived the whole life of which they have lived only a part. Is there anything in all that life which is so beautiful and happy as to make them emulous of living it?

Born to so many titles that it would require an hour to get them glibly off by heart, a young man of great wealth, and lord of many a fair estate, with coronets, in all the kingdoms of the British Isles, the heir to sixteen peerages, first comes before the public, in the company of his gamekeepers and ostlers, as the patron and spectator of a brutal sport. An English nobleman, surrounded by his grooms, watching two poor, infuriated animals grow bloody with a mutual agony. Not a very pretty picture, after all. He next becomes notorious—notorious by mighty gambling gains and losses. He has a few short hours of excitement, more of triumph, many of despair. The gaps in his life he fills up with indulgences in all the vices in the catalogue. His weak health weakens as it lives. His fine estates desert him one by one. Ruin comes next, and next disease. He limps on crutches. He can limp no more. He is carried now to the old scenes to which he used to limp ; to which, before that, he used to strut with a flower in his coat and his hat aslant. He lifts to his lips the last dregs of his "gaiety" with hands that can with difficulty raise the cup. Doctors consult about him. Lawyers used to do. The doctors shake their heads—like the lawyers did. He must go abroad. It is very fine to say he must. He cannot. He tries. He dies.

A pretty picture! Yes, we yield. We must confess it is a very pretty picture.

The newspapers record his death at length. They must ; for he is one of England's noblemen. His very titles fill six lines, or more. Well, he is not the first unworthy great whose death the newspapers have published. But is he not the first for whom they could not find a word of praise? Reporters of fashionable death have got a knack of saying something to the credit of the worst of dead. It is amongst the most awful testimony to the character of the deceased young man that scarcely one has got a word to say in his favour. And that one says, he was a generous friend—heaven save the mark—a generous friend!

We know what that means. We knew he was that. All vicious prodigals are fond of good company, dispense free hospitality, and add to the enjoyment of others when it adds to their own. That is to be "a generous friend." It had been better if the kindly scribe had stayed his pen. Bitterest satire is the highest honest commendation of the vicious. Nor do the newspapers alone record the dreadful death. In the vilest of vile slums, devoted to the sale of the most criminal and detestable literature, a miserable little catchpenny pamphlet makes its odious appearance—upon the outer sheet of which the noble name is written in conjunction with the most opprobrious of evil titles, and which purports to disclose the secrets that the newspapers conceal.

To die—and have the paragraph announcing one's decease filled up to the slight length to which they feel obliged, in decency, to go, with the virtues of one's forefathers—to be borne by forty horses to one's grave, amidst a motley crowd of racing reprobates and roughs—to have a Wych-street pamphlet for one's epitaph! The pretty picture grows still prettier, the more we look on it.

A melancholy life to reflect upon. One wonders what it means. Why was a human being made so weak? For what was a life allowed to run so poor a course? Why was it born? Where was the use of it? It seems all ill. It does not appear to have had a redeeming feature. One cannot see how its influence upon the world has been anything but evil. It was not even happy. One could almost think it was a great Divine mistake, which the Creator found would never serve the end for which He made it, and so killed it off. Now it is dead, it cannot harm itself more; but the seeds of evil which it has sown are living still, and the bad consequences of its sins will go on growing and multiplying in compound ratio for ever. A miserable life, whatever way you look at it. One is compelled to the conclusion that the only object it can serve is, to present to youthful sin a warning, and to youth of all sorts an example to avoid. If this be so, one may be pardoned the contemptuous pity which one cannot help but feel for the wretched boy whom nature formed the victim of so many vices, and whom fortune cursed with titles, lands, and wealth. To be made the plaything of passions and the shuttlecock of sins, in order to be a lesson to the rest of humanity, is a grievous lot for a poor human being, and a heartless enough fiat of fate; but the bitter irony of destiny in giving such a frail and miserable wretch as proud a lineage as royalty, was rank barbarity. Marquis of Hastings—Earl of Rawdon—Earl of Loudoun—Earl of Moira—Viscount Loudoun—Baron Rawdon, Grey de Ruthyn, Hastings, Hungerford, Newmarch, Botreux, Molyns, Moels, and Campbell! What cruel mockeries are these! In pity, strip them from him. Do not let the corpse of fortune's scapegoat be taunted by the jeering honours that enveloped him; but lay him in his grave plain Henry Hastings—Gamester—Drunkard—Profligate.

"MEETERLY WEEL."

TEACHER.—How many metres are there in music?

PUPIL.—Three, sir.

TEACHER.—Name them.

PUPIL.—Long metre, short metre, and "meet her by moonlight alone."

TEACHER.—Sit down a bit.

ELECTION RHYME FOR THE NURSERY.

The Rads are uncommonly surly,
To be beaten so badly by Birley.
The Blues are exceedingly sore,
At the loss of their pet Mr. Hoare.

LIBERTY.

A SONG OF THE DAY.

O fair, proud LIBERTY! whose eyes
  Are morning after darkness! say,
Where shall the seeker find, who sighs
  Thy light upon his home to stay?
Is fair France thine? or, late-caress'd,
  Has fairer Italy thy smiles?
Art mighty in the mighty West?
  Or in Victoria's isles?

Thy voice's thunder over France
  Rang with one shout, and woke the world,
When the stain'd lilies, by thy glance
  Of fire, were to a cinder curl'd;
There was thy Pæan loudest—there
  Thou sinned'st, drinking blood as wine,
And now thy fierce hope is despair,
  All betwixt Rhone and Rhine.

Laved by the bluest of the seas,
  Loved of the sun, two lands there are
Where earth no more, on fragrant leas,
  Loses the flower than heaven the star;
And there, at last, those eyes are bright:—
  O may their crescent wax, nor wane,
But orb, till men forget the night
  Of Italy and Spain!

Bride of the giant of the West
  They hail'd thee, and thy bridal's fame,
Like ceaseless lightning, seem'd to crest
  The Atlantic, and to Europe came;
But, dimm'd of late, that lightning leaps,
  Red the great rivers seem to run,
And Rachel for her children weeps
  Beyond the setting sun.

They weep not *here*, those eyes serene:
  Beneath the temperate English sky
A thousand years hath shone the mien,
  And shall shine, of fair Liberty,—
Shall shine, unless those radiant eyes
  Should lose the indignation strong
That flashes when, with bitter cries,
  Ierne* tells her wrong.

Her wrong; GOD grant her right, at length,
  Is given her; grant her, too, to know
That in our union is her strength,
  In her revenge her own death-blow.
Our tower is built, but winds are high;
  Strengthen we, then, its battled piles,
Lest eagle-wings of Victory
  Cease hovering o'er our isles!

* Iernè, *i.e.*, Ireland. See Shelley's *Adonais*.

THREE B's FOR MANCHESTER!—Of course! who so fit to represent this *hive* of industry?

THE LION'S DEN.—The Bishop's Registry in St. James's Square.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—Polly Ticks.

BRIGHT PARTY: "What constellation is a fine bald forehead like?"—The Great Bare.

EDITOR TO RHYMING CORRESPONDENT.—Try prose.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

A HISTORICAL FRAGMENT. IN TWO PARTS.

I.

ON the 24th day of July, 1823, a Mr. Thomas Dodd, auctioneer, of 28, King-street, Manchester, laid an egg—that is, he issued a printed circular, wherein he "respectfully informs his friends," that within a fortnight, he intends visiting London, "in pursuit of such productions in Literature and the Arts as tend to diffuse rational recreation and to elicit useful investigation." It was "Mr. Dodd's intention to confine his purchases to Books that are more or less Embellished by the Engraver's art;" as well as "coins, Medals, and such objects in Art as excite universal interest by their perfection." To help forward this praiseworthy scheme, Mr. Dodd proposed "that a limited number of Gentlemen, say thirty or forty, do each contribute ten pounds, to which contribution Mr. Dodd will extend his own equivalent to the gross sum contributed—Thus, if three hundred pounds be contributed by thirty individuals, Mr. Dodd's purchases will then amount to six hundred pounds, and so on, in proportion to the amount so contributed." Gentlemen were not to be confined to ten pounds merely: any gentleman might contribute double that amount if he thought proper. On Mr. Dodd's return, the rare bargains he had secured were to be brought to Auction, and it was expected that each gentleman would not only purchase to the full amount contributed by him, but to the extent of ten pounds more—"himself or friend"(!) Mr. Dodd was quite indifferent which. Such gentlemen as concurred in these proposals were to be so good as "signify the same to Mr. Dodd, and pay their contribution to him prior to the 8th day of August, 1823, on which day it is his intention to proceed forthwith." Mr. Dodd was also prepared to undertake any Private Commission, "on the principle of ten per cent on the purchase cost of the same." Poor Dodd! out of all the fosterers of the Arts, patrons of Genius, and admirers of Auctioneer's eloquence, to whom he sent copies of his circular, only three responded by sending him twenty pounds each. Mr. Dodd returned the gentlemen the money and abandoned the project. Now, although Mr. Dodd's scheme failed, it was, nevertheless, the egg from which proceeded the Royal Institution.

But how, out of such a goose egg as that, was the Royal Institution, in swan-like proportions, hatched? Mr. Dodd—who saw it chip the shell, and was appointed to record its doings so long as it remained in the grey, hairy state,—himself shall tell. Of his circular, he said, long afterwards, perhaps in 1830, perhaps earlier, that it was, "The creative impulse from which sprung the effect of giving birth to the Foundation and rise of the Royal Manchester Institution for the more general encouragement in the advancement of the Fine Arts in that Town," and that "It will be apparent to observation that the principle of the propositions therein set forth, lay in that of producing a more general diffusion or distribution of the Seedlings or Scions of Art in all her diversity than had hitherto been done in Manchester." He also says that if his proposals "did not excite those liberal feelings which might have been contemplated on, they nevertheless had the tendency of giving rise to the spontaneous one of discussion between a few amateurs and artists" which led to the idea "of introducing to public notice an Annual Exhibition of the works of Native Artists in Manchester, and in that of confiding to me the superintendence of it within my own premises, they being well adapted to the purposes of exhibiting works of Art, and my attainments being such as were qualified to conduct its operations." The incubators met, day after day, and sat; giving no thought to the discarded egg. But the hatching went on apace. The genial heat, generated by discussion, gradually did the business. Ere long, one of the party, Mr. C. Calvert, communicated such intelligence as induced Mr. Dodd to urge him to "convene a meeting" of Manchester Artists at Messrs. D. and P. Jackson's house, in Market-street, on Wednesday evening, August 6th, 1823, which Mr. Calvert did. The following gentlemen were present, namely: Mr. Parry, sen., Mr. Mather Brown, Mr. George Bury, Mr. M. Calvert, Mr. W. Frederick, Mr. D. Jackson, Mr. Chas. Calvert, Mr. J. A. Minasi, Mr. Sheffield, Mr. J. Palmer, Mr. C. H. Schwanfelder, Mr. P. Jackson, Mr. A. Perigal, Mr. Wm. Atkinson, Mr. A. Wilson, Mr. James Parry, Mr. David Parry, Mr. H. G. James, Mr. J. Ralston; and by invitation, Mr. Brigham, Mr. Stones, and Mr. T. Dodd. Mr. Dodd was invited to take the chair, which he, modest man, declined; whereupon Mr. Brigham was voted into it by general acclamation, and Mr. Dodd was appointed Secretary, which post he held until the 16th September, one month and four days. Mr. Brigham immediately got on his legs, "stating that the object of this meeting, as he understood, was to usher into effect the desirable end of forming, in the flourishing town of Manchester, an annual Exhibition of Works of Art." Mr. Bury put this proposition in the form of a resolution, which was "agreed to unanimously." "Mr. Perigal then moved—That a circular be prepared and transmitted to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Manchester, its vicinity, and those resident throughout the county of Lancaster, and its proximity," respectfully soliciting them for "their Patronage and influence to promote the object of this association, and that a Book be prepared to receive signatures; such book to lie open at Mr. Dodd's rooms in King-street, Manchester," seconded by Mr. Stones, and approved of unanimously. Mr. Charles Calvert then moved "That of the signatures of Noblemen and Gentlemen" thus obtained, "a certain number be selected or ballotted, by the Society, to take the active management and form in themselves a President, Vice-President, and Directors," which motion was also seconded "and unanimously" approved. It was then resolved "That for the present and until the previous resolution be carried into effect, the Gentlemen now forming this Society do conduct its operations, and that at any future meeting any five" "then present shall be competent to act as and for the whole body." Before the meeting broke up, Mr. Mather Brown proposed that, for convenience, the next should be held at Mr. Dodd's rooms, in King-street, when it would be gratifying to meet an accumulation of members to the number that now formed this Association,—Agreed.

The unanimity of the Association, hitherto, had been wonderful: every proposition having been carried with "universal approbation;" but at the third meeting, on August 12th, it was slightly broken by Mr. Charles Calvert, a drawing master, asking "whether it was the general meaning that an Academy of Instruction was intended to form a part of their propositions; as, if so, he, for one, would strenuously oppose its union therewith, as conceiving within himself that such a measure, if adopted, would eventually prove highly detrimental to those members who were, professionally, tutors in the Arts." Mr. Calvert's query created considerable discussion, and Mr. Perigal moved that, seeing they were divided on this point, and as a school of design was not originally contemplated, it would be better to waive the project altogether, it having no connection with an establishment having for its mainspring the promotion of "their mutual advantage. Carried by a majority in the show of hands." Mr. Brigham now proposed that a committee of five be appointed to prepare a circular "addressed to the more enlightened and opulent part of the community," inviting them to a meeting in order to have the views of this society explained, "and to embrace their assistance in forming an Establishment on a permanent basis." "Assented to with universal approbation," and the five chosen.

At the next two meetings, August 19th and 25th, the rules of similar institutions at Bath and Leeds, which the secretary, Mr. Dodd, had applied for and got, were read and their merits discussed. There was also an attempt made to fix upon some form of government for the society when the "enlightened and opulent" element was brought in. The difficulty seemed to lie in settling how much, if any, power the artists themselves were to have in the administration. Mr. Dodd was clearly of opinion that they should retain a considerable amount of power. Mr. Perigal said that "However eligible it might appear that the Society of Artists should hold some share of prerogative in their transactions," he did not think any "efficient good could result without the co-operation and patronage of some leading individuals of refined taste and intelligence," nor did he conceive that, were the full powers vested in such persons, the funds got by exhibitions would be applied to purposes other than the promotion of the Arts." On "looking through the rules of the Bath and Leeds Institutions, it appeared to him that the control was vested solely in the donors or subscribers as proprietors; that the artists were merely tributary and subordinate members," and the only benefit they derived was "the chance of sale of their works through the medium of an annual exhibition in a public receptacle." On the 2nd September Mr. M. Calvert (one of the five), produced his circular addressed to the amateurs and opulent part of the community, which was read and approved. A circular of obsequious, almost cringing character, portions of which we quote. "It was to us," the associated body of artists, "no trivial gratification to learn that some zealous and

liberal individuals had professed their intention to aid, with spirit, an object confessedly desirable, and" we "willingly acknowledge the truth, hinted to us, that the adoption should originate in them. For ourselves it will suffice, that, although subsidiary, we are nevertheless essential to its operation, since if, by a concentration of individual rays, there should be elicited a brightness sufficient to reflect honor on the town, it would shine with equal lustre on the patrons and the patronized." Signed by six "on behalf of ourselves and brethren." Lithographed also and sent to 67 opulent gentlemen and amateurs, inviting them to a meeting at Mr. Dodd's on Friday, the 5th Sept., at 11 a.m. Directly this was disposed of, Mr. Perigal stated that he had prepared an address, which he proposed to deliver to the gentlemen convened; which he read. "It was unanimously approved of." Mr. Perigal had no sooner sat down than up rose the redundant Dodd and said that he, too, had prepared "an address, which he thought might not less prove suitable to the occasion. (Hear, hear. Read, read.)" "Which," says Mr. Dodd, was "acceded to and done." It was then resolved "That as Mr. Dodd's address conveys the sentiments of an amateur, and is adapted to engraft a genial feeling towards the Arts on the gentlemen who might be present, he be requested to deliver the same to them on that day." Approved "unanimously."

The great day, 5th September, at length arrived, and with it a few of those gentlemen to whom the circular had been addressed. Mr. Perigal opened the proceedings by reading his address. "Gentlemen," said he, "some intimation of the object for which this meeting is assembled has been given in the circular address;" "but previously to entering upon the business of the day, it may, perhaps, be necessary, on the part of the Artists, more fully to develope their views, their desires, and their hopes. In an enlightened Assembly like the present, it will scarcely be necessary" to trouble the reader. "It may at present suffice to say, that the proudest periods of Grecian and Roman glory were still further ennobled and rendered far more illustrious by the splendid works of their Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. That the contemplation of so many revolving ages has been, and will for ever continue to be, more fixed in admiration of the beauty, perfection, and unrivalled excellence of the wonderful productions of their Men of Genius, than in the achievements and renown of their heroes and their patriots. * * * * In a town so extended as Manchester, * * * containing a population so large and refined, and where much of its prosperity is so intimately connected with objects of taste, it is surprising" that the present scheme wasn't thought of before. "It is under these considerations that the Artists have met to confer, * * * being well assured of the cordial operation of their more opulent friends, * * * being thoroughly convinced that any plan promising advantages to the Town need only be made known" to our opulent friends to be carried into immediate execution. Mr. Perigal then goes on to state that "The great object and ardent desire of the artists is twofold"—first, as a means of improvement in their profession; and second, an opportunity of exhibiting their works to the public. But he will treat of the second part first, as it "will afford the more popular attraction," and "as the primary object will most probably follow as its concomitant result." Finally he winds up by saying that "The Artists willingly, cheerfully, and entirely leave their cause in your hands, fully assured it will receive that attention and support it most certainly merits. At no time in the history of Art has it ever attained eminence and distinction without public encouragement; and at no time has that encouragement been afforded without eliciting talent worthy of such patronage. Under such a conviction the Artists confidently promise that no exertions shall be wanting on their part to advance in proportion," mark you! "to the patronage offered; and they trust that the Town of Manchester shall ere long be as celebrated for its attainments in the Arts as it is at present for scientific knowledge and manufacturing and commercial prosperity." It does not appear that Mr. Dodd was called upon to deliver his elaborate discourse. The present editor has read it, and can certify that in one respect it is good—it stimulates digestion. Pity we cannot print it, owing to its great length. The opulent gentlemen, now that the reins were put into their hands, at once went to work, and chose eight from amongst themselves as a committee, "to carry such measures into effect as might lead to the result desired," namely, Dr. Davenport Hulme (chairman); Thomas Hardman, Esq.; David Holt, Esq.; W. Brigham, Esq.; George William Wood, Esq.; Robert Hindley, Esq.; William Townend, Esq.; Robert Christie, Esq., with liberty to add to their number. "The Associated body of Artists then withdrew into another room," which we may call the Lower House, where it was resolved "That a vote of thanks, in the form of a letter, be addressed to the committee of Gentlemen who so promptly have attended to the call of this Society." The composition of this letter appears to have been entrusted to Mr. Perigal. The committee of Gentlemen again met on Monday, September 8th, when it was resolved that Gentlemen favourable to the proposed measure be requested to enter their names in a book, and that a subscription of one guinea be received from each, to defray preliminary expenses. Guineas being forthcoming, a treasurer and hon. sec. were appointed.

The committee next decided to purchase the premises 28, King-street, and appointed Mr. Dodd their accredited agent in the matter, and packed him off, in company with Mr. Dennison, of the firm of Duckworth and Dennison, solicitors, to Colonel Ford's, at Sandbach, the proprietor, for that purpose. Mr. Dodd demurred at first, and expostulated, stating that he rented the premises at a reasonable rate, and, in fact, sublet part of them at a greater rent than he paid for the whole. The committee desired Mr. Dodd not to feel uneasy on that score, and pledged themselves that he should not suffer in any particular. Mr. Dodd thereupon drew breath, and departed the same evening, in company with Mr. Dennison, for Colonel Ford's, arriving there at 10 p.m.; saw the Colonel, and bought the premises for £5,750—£250 less than his lowest price. "This business being ratified and concluded between Colonel Ford and Mr. Dennison, at midnight, we then returned, and reached Manchester by ten the ensuing morning, with the gratifying news."

A GAME OF MOTTOES.

MOTTO FOR MR. HUGH BIRLEY.
"The early Birley picks up the worm."

FOR MR. THOMAS BAZLEY.
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

FOR MR. JACOB BRIGHT.
"Behold! how brightly breaks the morning."

FOR MR. JOSEPH HOARE.
"Not for Joe."

FOR MR. ERNEST JONES.
"The Retreat of the Ten Thousand."

FOR MR. MITCHELL HENRY.
"Still so gently o'er me *stealing*."

FOR MR. CHARLEY, BARRISTER.
O Law!

FOR MR. CAWLEY.
"Make your Cawley and Election sure."

FOR MR. CHEETHAM.
"*Cotton* to Codlin."

FOR MR. HENRY RAWSON.
"If 'tis not now, t'will be hereafter."

A LADY'S CANDID DATE.—An old maid's revelation of her real age.

UNFAIR CANVASSING.—Sacking workmen on political grounds.

UNHEALTHY DWELLINGS.

THE first action under the Artisan's Dwellings Act has been taken by the Poplar Board of Works. Two houses were reported by the medical officer as unfit for human occupation. They were visited by the surveyor, who describes them as having two rooms each; they are approached by a covered passage, twenty feet in length and two feet nine inches in width; the ground floor of both is below the surface of the ground; the ceilings are about six feet high; the bricks and plastering are decayed from damp, and the smell is offensive. The privy is in bad order, and the drainage defective. Houses and privy are devoid of water. There were a man, his wife, and four children in each house. The board passed a resolution ordering the landlord to demolish the houses within a period of three months.

By the way, Mr. Jacob Bright recently made a curious blunder. He actually attributed the passing of the Artisans' Dwellings Act to the Manchester Corporation,—a body which, as Mr. M'Cullugh Torrens, the author of the measure, told the Social Science Association, opposed the bill "with implacable hostility." Mr. Bright, speaking at the dinner given to the Marquis of Salisbury by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, said the Town Council was anxiously attending to the mortality of the city, and had obtained some fresh powers in an act passed last session, which would enable it to deal with dwellings that were unfit for human habitation. If the Council will energetically use the powers conferred by the act, we shall be quite willing to let byegones be byegones; but it is scarcely just, and is historically untrue, to ascribe to them the enactment of a measure to which they were bitterly opposed.

MR. CARLYLE.—The following is a copy of a letter received by Miss Sinclair, Thurso Castle, from Mr. Thomas Carlyle, on his receipt of the announcement of the death of her father; "Chelsea, 23rd August, 1868. Dear Miss Sinclair,—Your first black-edged announcement was heavy news to me! I truly sympathise in the loss we have all had—a sensible loss to me, a true one, whether felt or not to all the world, and to you certainly the greatest of all. We must submit; we have none of us here a continuing city. We shall go to him; he will not return to us. Might we all but go leaving a life as gentle and as innocent behind us.—Yours, with many sad regrets, THOS. CARLYLE."

MISS BRADDON'S LAST NOVEL.—"Run to Earth" is decidedly the worst book Miss Braddon has yet produced. She may be able to touch a lower level still, for all things are possible to genius; and her genius for coarse sensationalism, her power of raking together moral garbage, and her capacity for dealing with the back-slums of human nature, may have still undeveloped potentialities which shall one day startle the world with the spectacle of how low a clever writer can descend.—*Saturday Review.* [This criticism, we should think, disposes of the current rumour that Miss Braddon has lately joined the staff of the *Saturday Review.*]

WOMEN.—It is what his fellow-men think of his speeches, his book, his pictures, his influence on 'Change, his military capacity, and not what women think of it, that is an ambitious man's main consideration. Similarly, it is what her fellow-women think of her skirt, her bonnet, her *parure* of pearls, her necklace, her headgear, and not what men think of it, that is an ambitious woman's consideration as she moves among her splendid rivals.—*Imperial Review.*

A SINGULAR INTERVIEW WITH BULWER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF DAHEIM.]

AT the house where I lived, in London, was a parlour, in which the boarders often met both in the morning and after nightfall. I had repeatedly seen there a young German merchant, but had only got so little acquainted with him that I was beyond measure astonished when, one morning, he hastened to me and said, "Have you at this moment twenty-five guineas at your disposal, so that you could save a man from insanity or suicide?' I replied in the negative. He took his hat and cane and turned, with a blank look of despair, to the door; but he suddenly came back and said, 'It is not for myself, but for Count G——, who lives at this house.' So saying, he walked away. I was at a loss what to think of this application. It is true, I knew there was at this house a Hungarian refugee, who had been introduced as Count G——, but that was all. He had kept aloof from me with some sort of affectation on hearing that I was a German, and I had, of course, not taken any pains to approach him again. Toward noon, on the same day, I came home from a walk, and saw at the door a hack, into which a carpet-bag was laid.

On entering the parlor, I saw the Count, who, to all appearance, in a high state of excitement, paid his bill to the landlady, and then hastened to me. 'Sir,' he said to me in German, 'may I ask a favour of you? I must set out; it is the latest time if I am to catch the train. I have been looking for a message, a letter, but cannot wait any longer, although it will probably arrive in the course of ten minutes. I do not trust this woman, (pointing to the landlady;) would you, therefore, be so kind as to stay at home a while, receive the letter, and forward it to the address which I shall send you to-morrow?' 'With great pleasure,' I replied; 'inform the landlady that I am to receive your letter.' He did so, shook hands with me, and set out.

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'He left half an hour ago.'

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'This is an affair in which an hour's delay may cost a human life. Pray, as soon as the Count sends you his address, come to me: you will be admitted immediately. Let me have your name, that you may not be turned away by my servants.'

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liberal individuals had professed their intention to aid, with spirit, an object confessedly desirable, and" we "willingly acknowledge the truth, hinted to us, that the adoption should originate in them. For ourselves it will suffice, that, although subsidiary, we are nevertheless essential to its operation, since if, by a concentration of individual rays, there should be elicited a brightness sufficient to reflect honor on the town, it would shine with equal lustre on the patrons and the patronized." Signed by six "on behalf of ourselves and brethren." Lithographed also and sent to 67 opulent gentlemen and amateurs, inviting them to a meeting at Mr. Dodd's on Friday, the 5th Sept., at 11 a.m. Directly this was disposed of, Mr. Perigal stated that he had prepared an address, which he proposed to deliver to the gentlemen convened; which he read. "It was unanimously approved of." Mr. Perigal had no sooner sat down than up rose the redundant Dodd and said that he, too, had prepared "an address, which he thought might not less prove suitable to the occasion. (Hear, hear. Read, read.)" "Which," says Mr. Dodd, was "acceded to and done." It was then resolved "That as Mr. Dodd's address conveys the sentiments of an amateur, and is adapted to engraft a genial feeling towards the Arts on the gentlemen who might be present, he be requested to deliver the same to them on that day." Approved "unanimously."

The great day, 5th September, at length arrived, and with it a few of those gentlemen to whom the circular had been addressed. Mr. Perigal opened the proceedings by reading his address. "Gentlemen," said he, "some intimation of the object for which this meeting is assembled has been given in the circular address;" "but previously to entering upon the business of the day, it may, perhaps, be necessary, on the part of the Artists, more fully to develope their views, their desires, and their hopes. In an enlightened Assembly like the present, it will scarcely be necessary" to trouble the reader. "It may at present suffice to say, that the proudest periods of Grecian and Roman glory were still further ennobled and rendered far more illustrious by the splendid works of their Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. That the contemplation of so many revolving ages has been, and will for ever continue to be, more fixed in admiration of the beauty, perfection, and unrivalled excellence of the wonderful productions of their Men of Genius, than in the achievements and renown of their heroes and their patriots. * * * * In a town so extended as Manchester, * * * containing a population so large and refined, and where much of its prosperity is so intimately connected with objects of taste, it is surprising" that the present scheme wasn't thought of before. "It is under these considerations that the Artists have met to confer, * * * being well assured of the cordial operation of their more opulent friends, * * * being thoroughly convinced that any plan promising advantages to the Town need only be made known" to our opulent friends to be carried into immediate execution. Mr. Perigal then goes on to state that "The great object and ardent desire of the artists is twofold"—first, as a means of improvement in their profession; and second, an opportunity of exhibiting their works to the public. But he will treat of the second part first, as it "will afford the more popular attraction," and "as the primary object will most probably follow as its concomitant result." Finally he winds up by saying that "The Artists willingly, cheerfully, and entirely leave their cause in your hands, fully assured it will receive that attention and support it most certainly merits. At no time in the history of Art has it ever attained eminence and distinction without public encouragement; and at no time has that encouragement been afforded without eliciting talent worthy of such patronage. Under such a conviction the Artists confidently promise that no exertions shall be wanting on their part to advance in proportion," mark you! "to the patronage offered; and they trust that the Town of Manchester shall ere long be as celebrated for its attainments in the Arts as it is at present for scientific knowledge and manufacturing and commercial prosperity." It does not appear that Mr. Dodd was called upon to deliver his elaborate discourse. The present editor has read it, and can certify that in one respect it is good—it stimulates digestion. Pity we cannot print it, owing to its great length. The opulent gentlemen, now that the reins were put into their hands, at once went to work, and chose eight from amongst themselves as a committee, "to carry such measures into effect as might lead to the result desired," namely, Dr. Davenport Hulme (chairman); Thomas Hardman, Esq.; David Holt, Esq.; W. Brigham, Esq.; George William Wood, Esq.; Robert Hindley, Esq.; William Townend, Esq.; Robert Christie, Esq., with liberty to add to their number. "The Associated body of Artists then withdrew into another room," which we may call the Lower House, where it was resolved "That a vote of thanks, in the form of a letter, be addressed to the committee of Gentlemen who so promptly have attended to the call of this Society." The composition of this letter appears to have been entrusted to Mr. Perigal. The committee of Gentlemen again met on Monday, September 8th, when it was resolved that Gentlemen favourable to the proposed measure be requested to enter their names in a book, and that a subscription of one guinea be received from each, to defray preliminary expenses. Guineas being forthcoming, a treasurer and hon. sec. were appointed.

The committee next decided to purchase the premises 28, King-street, and appointed Mr. Dodd their accredited agent in the matter, and packed him off, in company with Mr. Dennison, of the firm of Duckworth and Dennison, solicitors, to Colonel Ford's, at Sandbach, the proprietor, for that purpose. Mr. Dodd demurred at first, and expostulated, stating that he rented the premises at a reasonable rate, and, in fact, sublet part of them at a greater rent than he paid for the whole. The committee desired Mr. Dodd not to feel uneasy on that score, and pledged themselves that he should not suffer in any particular. Mr. Dodd thereupon drew breath, and departed the same evening, in company with Mr. Dennison, for Colonel Ford's, arriving there at 10 p.m.; saw the Colonel, and bought the premises for £5,750—£250 less than his lowest price. "This business being ratified and concluded between Colonel Ford and Mr. Dennison, at midnight, we then returned, and reached Manchester by ten the ensuing morning, with the gratifying news."

A GAME OF MOTTOES.

MOTTO FOR MR. HUGH BIRLEY.
"The early Birley picks up the worm."

FOR MR. THOMAS BAZLEY.
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

FOR MR. JACOB BRIGHT.
"Behold! how brightly breaks the morning."

FOR MR. JOSEPH HOARE.
"Not for Joe."

FOR MR. ERNEST JONES.
"The Retreat of the Ten Thousand."

FOR MR. MITCHELL HENRY.
"Still so gently o'er me *stealing*."

FOR MR. CHARLEY, BARRISTER.
O Law!

FOR MR. CAWLEY.
"Make your Cawley and Election sure."

FOR MR. CHEETHAM.
"*Cotton* to Codlin."

FOR MR. HENRY RAWSON.
"If 'tis not now, t'will be hereafter."

A LADY'S CANDID DATE.—An old maid's revelation of her real age.

UNFAIR CANVASSING.—Sacking workmen on political grounds.

UNHEALTHY DWELLINGS.

THE first action under the Artisan's Dwellings Act has been taken by the Poplar Board of Works. Two houses were reported by the medical officer as unfit for human occupation. They were visited by the surveyor, who describes them as having two rooms each; they are approached by a covered passage, twenty feet in length and two feet nine inches in width; the ground floor of both is below the surface of the ground; the ceilings are about six feet high; the bricks and plastering are decayed from damp, and the smell is offensive. The privy is in bad order, and the drainage defective. Houses and privy are devoid of water. There were a man, his wife, and four children in each house. The board passed a resolution ordering the landlord to demolish the houses within a period of three months.

By the way, Mr. Jacob Bright recently made a curious blunder. He actually attributed the passing of the Artisans' Dwellings Act to the Manchester Corporation,—a body which, as Mr. M'Cullugh Torrens, the author of the measure, told the Social Science Association, opposed the bill "with implacable hostility." Mr. Bright, speaking at the dinner given to the Marquis of Salisbury by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, said the Town Council was anxiously attending to the mortality of the city, and had obtained some fresh powers in an act passed last session, which would enable it to deal with dwellings that were unfit for human habitation. If the Council will energetically use the powers conferred by the act, we shall be quite willing to let byegones be byegones; but it is scarcely just, and is historically untrue, to ascribe to them the enactment of a measure to which they were bitterly opposed.

MR. CARLYLE.—The following is a copy of a letter received by Miss Sinclair, Thurso Castle, from Mr. Thomas Carlyle, on his receipt of the announcement of the death of her father; "Chelsea, 23rd August, 1868. Dear Miss Sinclair,—Your first black-edged announcement was heavy news to me! I truly sympathise in the loss we have all had—a sensible loss to me, a true one, whether felt or not to all the world, and to you certainly the greatest of all. We must submit; we have none of us here a continuing city. We shall go to him; he will not return to us. Might we all but go leaving a life as gentle and as innocent behind us.—Yours, with many sad regrets, THOS. CARLYLE."

MISS BRADDON'S LAST NOVEL.—"Run to Earth" is decidedly the worst book Miss Braddon has yet produced. She may be able to touch a lower level still, for all things are possible to genius; and her genius for coarse sensationalism, her power of raking together moral garbage, and her capacity for dealing with the back-slums of human nature, may have still undeveloped potentialities which shall one day startle the world with the spectacle of how low a clever writer can descend.—*Saturday Review.* [This criticism, we should think, disposes of the current rumour that Miss Braddon has lately joined the staff of the *Saturday Review.*]

WOMEN.—It is what his fellow-men think of his speeches, his book, his pictures, his influence on 'Change, his military capacity, and not what women think of it, that is an ambitious man's main consideration. Similarly, it is what her fellow-women think of her skirt, her bonnet, her *parure* of pearls, her necklace, her headgear, and not what men think of it, that is an ambitious woman's consideration as she moves among her splendid rivals.—*Imperial Review.*

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your great and unfortunate poet. I wonder how the two volumes came on the *Barrorchino* in Genoa. I suppose you would not have so generously complied with my wish if you had known the meaning of the initials "N. v. S." (NIEMBSCH VON STREHTLENAU, LENAU'S real name,) which you probably did not see on the title-page.

I could not but reply in the affirmative, and left, a prey to profound emotion, meditating on the gloomy house of the poet, with its richly adorned walls, its aristocratic splendour, and the mortal wound in the heart of its owner.

On coming home, I met my countryman, who was pacing the parlour in a high state of excitement. 'Do you know it already?' I asked. 'I know all," he interrupted me. 'Count G—— came too late. He had twenty hours too late the good idea of applying to BULWER. He will arrive to-day at Dresden, and yesterday it would have been time for him yet to help his friend to escape.' 'I do not understand a word of what you say,' I exclaimed. 'Discretion is now unnecessary,' he said handing me a copy of the *Times*, and pointing his finger to a telegraphic dispatch. I read :

'Count Ladislaus Jeleky, on whom sentence of death has been passed in Austria, has been arrested in Dresden by the Saxon Government, and is to be delivered to the Austrians.'

'Count G——,' he said, after I had read the dispatch, 'had got wind of it ; he could not write or telegraph, inasmuch as the Saxon Government would have intercepted his letters and telegrams. He had to go to Dresden, and had no money. As I said before, he thought too late of the noble poet.'

Next day my landlady brought me a large package, containing BULWER'S complete works, splendidly bound. On the fly-leaf of the volume, containing 'Night and Morning,' the poet had written, "*En souvenir du ciel sans nuage d'Italie et de la sombre nuit dans l'esprit d'un poète.*'"

AMERICAN ODDITIES OF SPEECH.

RAILWAY carriages are called "cars" in America, and stations "dépots." The guard is called the conductor, and the cry is "All aboard," instead of "Take seats." They carry the analogy further, and speak of shipping goods by train. Shops are called "stores." The only places the Americans call shops are places where things are made—in fact, "workshops ;" but all places where goods are sold are stores. Trousers are "pants." Servants are "helps." Masters are either "governors" or "bosses." "Is the boss to hum?" you will hear a country girl say when inquiring if the master is at home. A stranger will ask you "What's the time, boss?" But "boss" is a vulgarism. "Captain" is often used in place of "boss," where we should simply say "sir." People often said to me, "Guess you're a stranger here, cap'n." The same term is applied officially to every man who has charge of anything. Hotel keepers, stage drivers, railway guards, are "captains." Perhaps this usage dates from the militia days when almost everybody (in the South especially), had some military title, the only rank wanting beng the rank and file. It used to be the joke about the State of Mississippi that she had 4 bayonets (rusty), 20 generals, 5000 captains, and only 2 privates, whose addresses had been lost.

Streams in America are called "creeks," small rivers are "runs,"—as Bull Run, Hatcher's Run, and so on. The autumn is "the fall ;" the sunset is "sundown." You sometimes, not often, hear "sunup." You will hear people speak of an "elegant moon," an "elegant sky," a "handsome night." The Americans retain the old use of the word "dizzy," meaning giddy ; but they speak of a giddy girl as we do. In New England you hear "cunning" used in the sense of neat and pretty—"such a cunning little boy," in admiration. "Clever" means good-natured. An American would say, "He has no mind, no ingenuity, but he's clever, sir, very clever." They never attach to the word our idea of intellectual acuteness. Their word for ability is smartness—"Yes, sir, he's a smart preacher" —Yes, sir, General Grant is a smart man." The word "around" is oddly used—"I'll be around," for I'll be near—"Shall you be around?"—"Is there any ink around?" and so on. One lady said to me, "Our girls begin very soon to think of beaux, and flirt around."

But oddest of all is thei. use of the word "fix." Everything is fixed; they fix the fire, fix the dinner ; your wife goes to fix her hair, or gets her maid to fix her generally. If the clock runs down, it wants fixing. Returning from a ride with a Southern officer, and going with him to the drawing room—the "parlour" they call it still—he said, "I'll go and fix my hands first," meaning wash them ! Then, what do you suppose "chicken fixings" are? I was driving round with a clergyman one day, when a farmer's wife, on whom he made a call, said, "Do stop to dinner ; we've got chicken fixings to-day." I suggested to my friend that, as a stranger in the country, it would be desirable that I should see the style in which chickens were fixed. So we stopped and had a delightful dinner, but no chickens. I mentioned my difficulty on the subject. "Oh," said our host, laughing, "chicken fixings here mean anything out of the common ; we expected friends, and wife had an uncommonly good dinner to-day, that's all." "Chicken with fixings," "lamb with fixings," and so on—meaning chicken or lamb (as the case may be), along with things that complete and give a relish to the dish—is common enough everywhere ; but "chicken fixings," in the sense understood by the farmer's wife, I never heard used except in the west. There, too, they speak of a "square meal," meaning one that is filling and satisfactory. A Chicago lady said one day at table : "This is the first square meal I've had since I left home." "Fix" has many more applications than I have mentioned. They speak of the fixings of a house, meaning everything in it—movable furniture as well as what we call "fixtures." They even call the house a "fix." "You've got a nice fix," I heard one say to a friend at whose house we were visiting. Another gentleman, speaking to a newly-married friend, and referring to his wife, said, with enthusiasm, "She is a delightful little fix !" I had been forming an induction as to the general meaning of this extraordinary word ; but when I heard a lady called a little fix, it became a mere conundrum, and I gave it up.—*New York Letter.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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This excellent Hungarian Wine is now greatly RECOMMENDED for its nourishing and sustaining properties. As we import it DIRECT from Hungary without any INTERMEDIATE AGENCY, and bottle it under OUR OWN personal inspection, purchasers can rely upon its genuineness.

VERMOUTH.—Finest Italian.

When we INTRODUCED this excellent BITTER WINE to the notice of the Public SOME YEARS ago, we brought it on in Bottle, but now being assured that we have made a market for it, we bring it on IN CASK, and Bottle it OURSELVES, thereby SAVING considerably in freight and other expenses, and enabling us to put it within the reach of a wider circle, by REDUCTION of PRICE.

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